I vowed with him, grey hair with snow-white hair,
To deck the new God's thyrsus, and to wear
His fawn-skin, and with ivy crown our brows.

Enter CADMUS from the Castle
He is even older than* TEIRESIAS, *and wears the sain® attire.*

CADMUS.

True friend I I knew that voice of thine, that flows
Like mellow wisdom from a fountain wise.
And, lo, I come prepared, in all the guise
And harness of this God. Are we not told
His is the soul of that dead life of old
That sprang from mine own daughter ?
Surely then
Must thou and I with all the strength of men
Exalt him.
Where then shall I stand, where tread
The dance and toss this bowed and hoary head f
() friend, in thee is wisdom ; guide rny grey
And eld-worn steps, eld-worn Teiresias.—Nay;
I am not weak.

*|At the first movement of worship his manner
begins to change ; a mysterious strength and
exaltation enter into him.*

Surely this arm could smite
The wild earth with its thyrsus, day and night,
And faint not I Sweetly and forgetfully
The dim years fall from off me !

TEIRESIAS.

As with thee,
With me 'tis likewise. Light am I and young,
And will essay t^e dancing and the song.